Last Night by BlueM0nd4y

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Summary:

Robin, Steve, Billy and Liz try to connect the dots and recall what they did the night before at the Prom Dance. One thing is sure: they got shitfaced.

Last Night

Author's Note:

> Hullooo! I'm back :)
>
> This is a little cute & domestic fluff. I love writing about the gang's teen & school life!
>
> Premises; as usual, English is not my native language sooo... sorry for the typos ;) this is set between chap 27 & 28 of Strange Pleasures.

It takes a while for Robin to wake up.
The sunlight is unbearable, and the room is still spinning around her. A strong, impossible wave of nausea hits her senses when she gets in a seated position, so stinging that, for a moment, her stomach makes a strange twitch and she's about to gag.

This is bad. No, this is disastrous, that's what it is. When she's properly able to open her eyes and focus on the room, it's her head's turn to make clear how strong her hangover is. It's like she has been hit by a truck, a couple of times. She had never, never experienced something like this, not even after that infamous bonfire party at the end of the previous summer, or after the New Year Eve party at Steve's. No, this is beyond bad.

How much did they drink last night?
Enough to feel the eerie rattle of death that she's hearing now.
…Fuck. No good.
She grips her hair and exhales a long breath.

Calm down. Relax. It's just a stupid hangover. Drink. Drink some water.

Yeah, water is good. She's dehydrated as hell, her mouth feels dry as a desert. She leaves Steve's couch with a start, shivering when her bare feet meet the icy cold pavement, and manages to get to the kitchen with a staggering gait. The world hasn't stopped spinning around her. When she arrives at the kitchen sink, she drinks glued to the tap for what feels like an eternity.

Better.
Waaay better.
At that moment, Robin realizes that she's still wearing the shirt of the night before, unbuttoned to the belly and full of stains of alcohol, and nothing else. Well, her underwear and bra, of course.

Yeah… to show up at the Prom Dance dressed up "as a man", with a shirt, black pants and even a tie, was kind of a rebellious move. It has been uncomfortable, in the beginning, being scrutinized under the prying eyes of the Hawkins' high school students, who were constantly judging her 'outrageous' outfit, who were whispering kind words such as 'dyke' or 'pussy-eater' while being not too careful about not being heard. But, after not much time, she had managed to ignore them, everything had simply disappeared in the buzz of alcohol. Because, yeah, they kind of got shitfaced the night before, in case it wasn't clear enough.

She looks around in the kitchen. Everything is… trashed. There are pans, plates and raw food everywhere. Some flashes hit her mind: flashes of Steve cooking a strange type of pasta with a redundant singsong Italian name, a meal that ended up being horrible and kind of impossible to eat, but they were too drunk to mind Steve's first ever cooking failure.

Robin gets back to the living room and seats again on the couch with a fatigued groan. Her clothes are everywhere, scattered on the floor. But there's no trace of Liz; where the fuck is she? Robin recalls getting asleep with her on the very small space of the couch. Maybe her memory is deformed by the mental state where she was, but still…

The sound of someone going downstairs catches her attention. She turns toward the source, meeting the upset and sleepy figure of Steve, intent on standing next to the doorjamb, wrapped in a thick, red blanket. His hair is something else: completely dishevel, it looks like it's challenging gravity. His eyes are closed, and he has got a heavy, pained frown on his face.

For a moment, they just stare at each other, in shock. Then, Steve talks with a hoarse voice. "What the fuck happened last night?"
And, yeah, that's kind of a good question. If Robin could remember a

little bit than flashes and fragments of memory here and there.

“I don’t know but I feel like dying.” She answers, with brutal honesty. Steve sighs and runs a hand in the hair. “Yeah… so do I.” then, he staggers to the kitchen and makes a surprised exclamation at the sight of the mess.

“The fuck happened here?!” Robin hears him yelling from the other room. “Your gross pasta with that stupid name.” she yells back, reaching a blanket on the couch and wrapping her shoulders too. She’s not cold, though. She’s just slightly disgusted by how stinky her body is.

“Aglio ollio pepperoncino?!” Steve inquires, on the threshold. Robin sighs and shrug. “Yeah, that one.” “But there’s tuna fish and tomato sauce everywhere!” he protests, sounding outraged.
“I guess it ended up being just the add-what-you-find pasta, after all.” It’s Robin’s practical explanation. Steve sighs and takes a seat in front of her. He seems on the verge of tears. “It will take ages to clean up all that mess…” his voice comes out weak and whining, defeated.

They sigh in unison.

“Where are the others?” Robin asks, after a tense, tired pause of silence where they both were probably questioning their poor life choices.
Steve shrugs. “Fuck if I know. I just woke up.”

With perfect timing, Billy enters the room with a loud, cheerful “Good morning, ladies!” that makes both of them squirm on their spot. He’s still dressed as the night before, shirt unbuttoned till the navel and the tie loosely hanging on his neck. He’s got a shark-like grin on his face and, Robin can tell, even in a considerable distance, he reeks of alcohol and sweat. But, worst of all, he’s got a bottle in his hand, a vision that sends an automatic wave of nausea into Robin’s poor stomach.

“Oh my god.” She exhales, not caring to hide the disgust on her face. “Don’t tell me that’s a beer.”
“I won’t tell you then.” Billy promptly answers, taking a seat next to her and a sip from the beer like nothing ever happened.

Robin almost gags. “You’re gross, Hargrove! How the fuck can you still drinking after last night?!” he shrugs casually in response. “Everybody knows that the secret to avoid hangover is to drink a little bit the day after.”

Seriously? That’s new. Robin groans aloud and shakes her head. “Where the fuck did you hear that? On the news?” “Har-har-har. It’s just ancient knowledge, Buckley.” He reaches the bottle to the girl, then, who pushes it away immediately. “Eeew! Keep that thing away from me!” Billy shrugs and takes a noncommittal sip. “Suit yourself.”

“Dude… you’re…” Looks like Steve is browsing for the right words in his mind to comment on his boyfriend’s behavior. In the end, he sighs and runs the trademark hand in the hair. “…Ah, nevermind.”

“So…” Robin starts, pensive, eyes pointed on the floor. “What happened last night?”
A heavy silence follows.
“Clearly, we got trashed.” It’s Steve’s practical answer. Well, thank fuck for that. Robin strives to recall the confused and blurry memories; she massages her temples and slowly collects a series of images.

“Oh god… we were loud.” She exhales, remembering herself with a violent chill. “That was supposed to be a formal event… we were shitfaced! We made a fool of ourselves!”
Billy shrugs, noncaring, taking another sip of his beer. “We have just shown them how to act like a rockstar, Buckley.” She scoffs at that. Please, rockstars?! They were just four idiotic overly drunk teens who danced, yelled and behaved like savages.

The worst part, it was fun as hell.

“Jesus…” She covers her face with her hands, repressing the urge to cry. “I’m never gonna drink again.” Billy tsks at Robin’s not too credible statement. “Hard to believe, sweetheart.”

Out of nowhere, Steve chuckles, by himself, gaining the curious glances of his boyfriend and Robin. “Nothing… I've just remembered…” he starts, sniffling and wrapping himself better in the big blanket. “…I've just remembered a scene. Of Robin.”

At this premise, Billy sniggers, like he had already understood what Steve is on about. Of course, the poor Robin just wants to dig a hole and crawl into it.
“What?!” she exhales, already fearing the imminent answer. The two dumb idiots don’t say anything, they just share complicit looks and giggles like morons. If possible, Robin gets instantly riled up even more.

“Steve.” And Robin’s voice is grave now, firm, decisive. “What. Did. I. Do.” She spells each word slowly, hissing it through her teeth.
After another, irritant laugh, Steve shakes his head. “Alright, alright… I tell ya.”

…But then another impossible pause of silence follows. Robin is about to kill him. Straight away.
He talks a fraction of a second before it happens.

“You asked Tammy Thompson to sing.”
Shit. It can’t be, can it? This is just too much.

But then, Robin remembers: the memory resurfaces in her mind, a memory of them, the drunken quartet, going to Tammy Thompson and practically *harassing* her, asking for a song. Clearly, it was too obvious that they were taking the piss for the poor girl to consenting the request.

But still… this is one of the most embarrassing things Robin has ever made. With her ex-crush! Why the fuck did she made it in the first place?! Oh yes, now she remembers: Billy fucking Hargrove and a bet she had lost with the insufferable, impossible jerk.

She instantly throws a punch to his arm. “This is your fault! You made me do it, Hargrove!” The guy massages the hurt part with a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. “I didn’t make you do shit, Buckley! That was all on you! Take your responsibilities, girl.”

Robin groans and grips her hair in desperation under the unbearable cackles of the guys that are supposed to be her best friends.

“She sounds like a Muppet!” Steve comments then, making Billy burst into a high-pitched laugh. “Like a Muppet who’s giving birth!”

Another stinging memory hits Robin all of a sudden: she told Liz that Tammy was her first crush. Oh god. Not good.

Perhaps it's still the alcohol running into her system that is making her thoughts whirling and dramatic, but the sudden, insane and totally out of sense idea that maybe Liz could be pissed off with her due to that reason starts to sprout in her mind. It's strange, after all. She remembers getting asleep with her girlfriend. Maybe Liz woke up and recalled what Robin had said. Maybe she has decided to walk home, fuming in a rage.

Steve notices her shift of mood first. "What's the matter? You got a strange face now, Rob." He questions, raising a brow in confusion. Even Billy sends her a glance akin to preoccupation, a sign that her face must be really something beyond.

"Liz… I woke up and she wasn't here. I think she's angry at me." Robin's voice comes out whining and cracked. The boys share a quick glance, clearly a little reluctant in believing their friend's words.

"Liz? I can't figure her being angry, like, at all." Steve exhales. "She's like, the cutest creatures on earth!" At these words, Billy gets instantly worked up. "Excuse me?!" Steve can't avoid but roll his eyes in response. "…After you, babe." Billy smirks to himself. "That's better." He comments, pleased.

Robin isn't convinced yet. "I'm telling you. She must be mad at me for something, otherwise, why wouldn't she be here?!"

Again, with perfect timing, a girl appears on the threshold. She's got a cheerful, heartwarming smile and sprouts happiness and positivity, as usual.
"Good morning, guys! I was out for a walk, you were all sleeping, so…" she chirps, lively. Robin stares at her with her eyes widened, gasping like a fish. Ok… maybe Steve was right. Liz looks everything but angry. Most of all, she's radiant! Like she never had a big party just the night before. Even her outfit, a change of clothes that she had the caring to bring with her, is clean and smooth. She must have showered too, contrasting with them who currently reeks of alcohol, weed and sweat.

Liz trots to Robin, she's about to lean to kiss her, but the blondie promptly stops her. "Don't get too close! I stink!" The redhead chuckles in response. "Babe, I don't care!" She sits on Robin's lap and plants a quick peck on her lips to prove it.
All Robin's preoccupations evaporate instantly under the light touch. Perhaps she got a little worked up for nothing.

Meanwhile, Billy and Steve are staring at the girl with a deep, pensive frown. Liz notices and furrows her brows in confusion. "What?" She asks, looking a little uncomfortable under that heavy stare.
As usual, the boys share a complicit look, then, it's Billy's turn to speak. "I saw you drinking a flask of Tequila." He tells, with an odd, atone voice. Liz smiles and shrugs. "Yeah, so?" "So?!" Steve intervenes, sounding shocked. "Why are you not dying like the rest of us?!"

It looks like it requires a while for the girl to browse for an answer. She taps her chin and wrinkles her nose. "Mh… I don't know. I'm pretty fine, yeah." "Fine?!" Billy repeats, getting closer to her to examine her better. "How could you be *fine*?! You're a pipsqueak, you will weigh like… I don't know! 40 kilos or something. This doesn't make any sense!" "Yeah!" Steve convenes. "This is not… scientific! It's like a law of physic. You should die in your hangover by now!"

For an uncontrolled reflex, Robin encircles her arms on her girlfriend's waist, to protect her. "My my. Are you feeling threatened by the fact that a woman can drink better of you boys?"
Billy scoffs and leans back on the couch, diverting his gaze on the ceiling, not keeping back his annoyance.
"That's impossible." he spats.

After a while, he points his beer at Liz and talks all serious and collected. "We will do a rematch to verify who drinks better among us." The girl smiles kindly in response, not affected at all by the not too veiled threatening tone used by Billy.

"Whenever you want, Billy."
Robin can't help it: she waves the middle finger to her idiotic friend. "Ha! In your face, Hargrove. Ready to get your ass kicked." He grins

back, ferine. “In your wet dreams, Buckley.”

Steve, who has been silent for the last few banters, sighs in exhaustion.
“I can’t believe we are already talking about the next time we will get drunk. We have a problem, guys.”
Nobody feels like denying that.

As soon as Robin and Liz gain some neurons and health back, they leave Casa Harrington all to the boys. Billy and Steve spend most of the afternoon just melting on the couch, watching TV with their poor brains completely turned off.

Only in the late afternoon they get enough energies to fix the mess in the house and do a real needed shower.
Steve smirks at the walking figure of Billy, fresh and finally clean, entering the living room.

“Jesus, I’m a new man.” The blonde declares, his hair still damp from the shower dripping on Steve’s white t-shirt. Billy has grown used to borrow his boyfriend’s clothes quite often by now. Even his underwear, sometimes, and that should be embarrassing but it isn’t. They share everything, from their time to their space, to their stuff.
“Is that so? Are you ready for another round, big boy?” Steve teases him, sipping a really non-alcoholic soda while sitting loosely on the couch. Billy makes a face and sits next to him.

“Yeah, well, I don’t think so.” He spats, not hiding a tune of disgust in his voice that causes a soft chuckle in Steve. “So, you’re no longer of the idea that drinking in a hangover is the best solution?” Steve can tell: the admission would cost too much to his stubborn idiotic boyfriend. This one groans. “Hey, Harrington. I don’t make the rules. I heard it somewhere, I swear.” “Sure you did.” Steve responds smugly, moving an arm behind Billy’s back and starting to cuddle him softly.

Billy sighs and rests his head on Steve’s shoulder. The brunette finds himself smelling his hair just by instinct. It’s his same shampoo that he uses, but there’s always a different note in that. It’s Billy’s scent, something unique.

For a while, they stay just in silence, both too tired to say anything. But then, Steve suddenly remembers something about the previous night that he was quite ignoring in the back of his mind.

“You get super cute when you’re drunk, you know that?” He jokes, out of nowhere, receiving a questioning glance by his boyfriend, who seems a little taken aback.
“What do you mean?” Billy asks, raising a brow in suspicion. Steve shrugs casually. “I mean… do you recall a certain talk we had last night?” the other boy scoffs, sour. “We talked a lot of shit, Stevie. You gotta be more specific.” “Well… in the parking lot. Outside the gym.” Steve’s voice comes out hesitant, sheepish, even.

For a moment, Billy widens his eyes, clearly retracing his memories, then, he groans and covers his face with his hands. Steve can’t help but laugh at the scene, god, Billy is too cute when he becomes shy. The amusing part is that he’s never shy when it comes to get cocky and to strut, but he falls into this spiraling of self-consciousness when he has to face hard stuff such as ‘feelings’ and expressing his real self.

Steve moves his hands away and kisses the boy’s cheek. “Hey, hey hey! Don’t get shy, babe. Seriously, that was adorable... Jesus, how can you be this fucking cute?!”
“Shut up, Harrington!” Billy snarls, gritting his teeth. “I’m not cute, goddamitt! I’m not a freaking chick or a stupid dog! Don’t use that word on me!” Steve rolls his eyes and raises his hands in a gesture of surrender. “Alright, alright. No cute. Sorry!”

Billy exhales a long exasperated breath and slides his hands on his face. “Jesus… I was trashed. I was just talking shit.” Steve chuckles and kisses his boyfriend’s hair. “You were? You know what they say. In vino veritas.” The blonde tsks back. “It wasn’t wine, though. Just a bunch of JD and Tequila.”

They share other laughs and lazy kisses after this last statement.

After all, it’s ok. If Billy doesn’t want to talk about it, Steve can’t push him. He’s got some issues in talking openly about his feelings, his weaknesses, but Steve knows how big the steps he made are. Better not push his luck too much.

Besides, the last thing Steve wants is to make Billy uncomfortable about his fragilities.

This is the second visit to Steve's Beemer of the night to fulfill their flasks with brand new JD. Needless to say, Steve and Billy are already trashed.

The evening is proceeding… good. Well, they were all very uncomfortable in the very beginning, the four of them worried for their public apparition, their need to stay undercover and not screw everything up by being discovered as the queer quartet of Hawkins High. As if there weren't just enough rumors on them. And Robin's choice to show up dressed as a man hasn't been too helpful, Steve must admit. In the beginning, everyone's eyes were pointed to them, searching for false moves that can confirm the already spreading rumors on their persona. But, after some time spent in drinking, chatting and getting used to the environment, they had found themselves not too caring about being watched and scrutinized by the crowd of prying teens of the stupid prom.

Steve has felt so out of place, even worse than that time at the bonfire party, the previous summer. But alcohol has the extraordinary power to eradicate every self-consciousness, so, now the brunette feels kinda bold and drunk. But uncaring, and that's the most important part.

He staggers to his car, flanked by a noisy and giggling Billy, careful not to stumble like an idiot on the way through the parking lot. Once their flasks are filled, he assists at a strange scene. For a moment, Billy looks dazed and spaced out. He stares at the starry sky (that must be really chaotic, by now) with a heavy, pensive frown. Then, without saying anything, the boy just sits on the concrete asphalt, crossing his legs, uncaring about getting his suit pants dirty.

Steve watches him a little taken aback. "Babe, what are you doing?" the boy doesn't respond. He continues to stare at the sky in silence, pointing his elbows on his knees.
This is way too strange. It's not usual for Billy to behave like this, but Steve guesses the alcohol is the one to blame for that. With a sigh, he sits next to his boyfriend, indulging this weird turn of events. Luckily,

there's no one in the parking lot that can witness this strange scene.

"Are you alright?" He asks, a little bit in awe. Billy doesn't look at him. Doesn't say anything either for a while.
"Yeah, I was thinking."

Steve decides to go for a joke. He playfully pushes his boyfriend's shoulder with a small chuckle. "Wow! That's sure is something new." He expects to find some snarly remark back from Billy, but the boy stays silent. When he finally moves his eyes on Steve, the brunette must suppress the urge to sigh at the sight of his heavy, almost pained frown. Whatever thing Billy is thinking now, must not be too pleasant. A chill runs on Steve's spine, while he starts to feel suddenly worked up.

"Billy… what's up? Tell me." Steve encircles the boy's shoulders with an arm, there's no one here who can see them, and he feels the urge to do so. Billy bits his lower lip, moving his gaze on the asphalt. "It's stupid." He mumbles, the voice cracked by the drunk state which he is in. Steve, in response, tightens the grip on his shoulder, suddenly feeling protective.

"It can't be stupid if it makes you sad, baby."

It looks like Billy requires some time to get to finally answer Steve. "It's just…" he starts, but then, his voice trails off. Steve squeezes his shoulder, trying to be reassuring as the best as he can. After what is felt like an eternity, the boy goes on speaking. "…Ya know, sometimes I think about the fact that the crazy folks who kidnapped me are still there, around, somewhere. You know… that crazy bitch, Brenda. All the military men, the scientists…" Steve shivers at these words. He can't help it, it's just an automatic reflex.
Billy sighs. He suddenly looks small and defeated. "…They… they can't be done with me. You know that, pretty boy." Finally, their gazes meet. Steve doesn't feel to deny. He swallows back the lump in his throat, out of words.

"And… sometimes… I dream about them, among other stuff. And I'm afraid."

Shit. To hear Billy say it aloud is a big statement. Steve almost feels

his eyes watering in response. The boy resumes his speech, this time there's another note in his voice. A new shade of fear, and sadness. Steve wishes he could just wipe it away completely.
"I'm afraid… they'll hurt you. Or Max. Or me. I'm scared shitless, Steve. I'm scared they're gonna kill me."

Steve has the frantic urge to deny, to shush his boyfriend with a kiss, to correct that impossible, painful scenario. But when he's about to speak, Billy dismisses him with a wave of his hand.

"It would suck. Don't get me wrong. I really, really don't wanna die and I'm not planning on doing that. But still… if I think back at my life a year before and how it has become now, I feel… dunno, glad, I guess."

Steve feels wetness on his cheeks. Damn, he has started to cry without even noticing it.

Billy smiles. It's a sweet, tired and melancholic smile. Broken. "I'm glad because I had the chance to meet you, to know you. To spend these months with you. So… it's ok. I guess. I had the best time in my life. I can't believe I'm saying that, but… I'm so lucky." Billy exhales a small laugh while a solitary tear runs on his cheek. "…I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

For a while, all they do is just stare at each other. Then, Steve sniffles and wipes his tears, feeling the tension erupting from his body. The anger. The urgency.
He sends Billy what is can be defined as glare, and the other boy seems a little intimidated by it.

"Don't even fucking think to say that." Steve hisses through his teeth, clenching Billy's shoulder in a solid grip. "Don't even fucking consider the idea. Because I'm telling you, as long as I have breath in my lungs, they are not gonna touch you. I will never, never let them lay a finger on you." The brunette brings a hand to Billy's chin and forces him to look up, almost roughly. "You hear that, Billy?" This one nods, weakly. He seems so small like this, so small and exposed. Fragile.

Looks like Billy thinks about gaining back some composure. He clears

his throat and puts up a forced smirk. “And what are you gonna do about it? Hit them with you nailed bat?” Steve laughs at those words and loosens up the grip from his boyfriend’s chin, suddenly feeling almost apologetic for the rough touch.

“Maybe. Or maybe you don’t need my protection, since you’re gonna kick some asses with your badass superpower.” He jokes, making Billy chuckles back in response. “I’m not invincible, princess. They got guns and stuff, I still bleed like a normal human.” Steve rolls his eyes. “Come on! Don’t be so humble, babe. It’s not on your character.”

They share laughs, the atmosphere is lightened up. Billy places his head on the crook of Steve’s neck and sighs, while the brunette finds himself petting the boy’s curls in an automatic reflex.

They stay like this for a while, in their tender embrace.

“One thing is sure.” Steve states, out of nowhere. Billy leans back and sends him a questioning glance.
“Over my dead body they will get you.” Steve declares, his voice firm and decisive. Billy doesn’t say anything. He blinks for a few seconds, an unreadable expression on his face. Then, he smiles. A sweet, sincere smile.

“How about… no dead bodies, uh? No dead people. Like. At all.”

Steve needs some time to process the joke, but then, he burst into a laugh and kisses his boyfriend. A quick, chaste, peck. “I think that’s reasonable.” His hands are on Billy’s cheeks, rubbing them with the thumbs. The blonde smirks all teeth. “Deal, then.” “Deal.” It’s a stupid exchange of nonsense phrases, but at the same time, it’s not. They share another small chuckle and a long, heated kiss from which they both don’t wanna part. But they must, in the end.

Steve speaks on Billy’s mouth. “I love you more than anything. You’re the most important thing in my life. I can’t afford to lose you.” Billy swallows and diverts his gaze. “Everybody goes, sooner or later. That’s how it is.”

Steve doesn’t understand if his boyfriend is referring to the death in

particular or in a general way of speaking. What he does understand is that he’s firm in his position. Billy’s departure? Non fucking negotiable.

“Well, then I hope the latest possible.” He just declares, with a sly smirk. Billy kisses him again.

“You know what, princess?” he says on the boy’s lips, smiling on his mouth.

“…So do I.”

Author's Note:

I hope you liked it :)

I got ideas for various one shots, we'll see!